

The Battle Hymn of Chirurgia

by Mathurin Kerbusso

There's a story I must tell you,
You should listen to it good.
It's a story of three armies
In a tiny little wood.
It's a story of embarrassment
And silliness and power
When V'tavia, Triatia,
And Chirurgia went to war.

Now Chirurgia is a small place,
But they're everywhere you know.
And they're always in some corner
Where the fighting dare not go.
But, until that day of battle
No one really understood
That they're the greatest power
In the field or in the wood.

Now two barons and an emperor
Thought they had come to see
Just who the greatest power in
South Calontir would be.
But the answer to their question
It surprised them one and all.
For Chirurgia was the victor,
Though not one of theirs would fall.

Now the scepter of Triatia was
The prize for which they fought.
And every fighter knew it would
Be hard and dearly bought.
But the moaning and kvetching
Took the fun out of the day.
So Chirurgia took the scepter
And they magicked it away.

Now two mighty armies stood there
And they stared across the line.
You could tell that they were angry
And that soon they'd start to whine.
But a single water bearer stood
And looked them in the eye.
She said, "Suck it up and be a man!";
She made the armies cry.

Now the moral to this story
Is not difficult to see.
There are Huscarls, Knights, and Fyrdmen,
There are guys like you and me.
But the toughest bunch of devils
In the field or in the wood,
Is the bunch that carries water
And the bunch that binds the wounds.

(Repeat first verse)